

Exhibit A

capt from

J. Michael Lennon ^X interview with Ivan Fisher, 4-19-09

IF : Uh, yes. But not necessarily friendships. You know, Michael. Um, definitely, of course, to his friendships, but he might meet somebody and without a friendship forming nevertheless maintain a kind of loyalty. But with regard to his friendships, I mean, wow. But I'm looking for structure to this discussion, I'm wanting to do this chronologically to the extent that I can. But we're now on this subject, the most important subject, uh, I could ever talk about with regard to Norman, is his position in my life.

[00:20:42]

And his position in my life was he was my best friend. Now, I think at Norman's memorial, uh, filled with the throngs and throngs of people, I think most every one of them thought the same thing. He was my best friend. [LAUGHS] And guess what? He wasn't fooling any of us. Because he had the capacity to have, uh, an infinite number of best friends. Because he had the capacity to, first of all, he was utterly non-judgmental, [BIG SMILE?] I mean, there was zero judgmentality in this man. There wasn't anything that you could do that he couldn't accept, on some level or other.

[00:21:49]

And maintain friendship. Um, he was intensely loyal. Uh, now if Norris were here, uh, she would be going, "to a fault, to a fault," [LAUGHS] you know, and [SOUNDS LIKE :] babe's right. But, not as far as I'm concerned. [ML LAUGHS] She wouldn't be right at all. I mean, this was, these were the greatest things about him, to me, in our relation-, these are the things I cherished, by far, the most. Um, he was like having the [SOUNDS LIKE :] hoginah. Do you know what, you just felt like you had the hoginah ready, willing, and able to do whatever, or the massod, or, you know, uh, Michael Vick's pitbulls or, God forbid you were in trouble and there was anything anyone could do, he would do it. Bull.

[00:23:15]

ML : Wonderful.

[00:23:16]

IF : Now, he assessed, he'd assess, I'm thinking now, well, what might've happened? Yet is this something I have to tell Norris? [LAUGHS] That would be one of the first things. Um, and want very much to be able to tell Norris, very very important. However, it was not [SOUNDS LIKE :] desposive.

[00:23:44]

ML : It was not what?

[00:23:45]

IF : Non-despositive.

[00:23:47]

ML : Which means?

[00:23:47]

IF : Which means, if he concluded that this was something Norris would not accept, then he might very well do it anyway.

[00:24:01]

ML : Right. Absolutely.

[00:24:05]

IF : So, uh, this was part of me. And it would give him enormous pain to be in the position of doing something he knew would upset her. Now someone listening to this tape would say, "Ivan, are you out of your fucking mind? I mean, what about Carole Mallory at all? [LAUGHS] I mean, you know." I say to you, the listener, you simply don't understand. [LAUGHS] Uh, because, um, passion was a huge part of his being. And a huge part of his passion was sex.

[00:25:08]

And his relationship with Mallory was 100 percent sexual. Period. There wasn't the teeniest, tiniest, nanogram of anything other than sex involved there. And if you want, uh, if you are looking for an idea, read her book that she wrote a long time ago.

[00:25:42]

ML : Flash?

[00:25:42]

IF : Flash, yes. And you'll know exactly what this affair was about. Um, it wound up causing her enormous pain.

[00:25:54]

ML : Mallory?

[00:25:54]

IF : No. Norris.

[00:25:56]

ML : Norris? Oh, yes, huge pain. She almost left him.

[00:25:59]

IF : Well, right. But beyond that. Beyond that. Um, there would've been huge pain from leaving him. But I think she suffered even more. For a long long time I don't think there was an hour when that was not something she was with. And then, what about Norman and the way he handled? What does he do? What did he do? When the shit hit the fan, and Mallory's book came out? And Norris was bereft? I mean, we have levels here, you know, uh, coming at Norman from every place. Level number one, "Will I lose the best woman I've ever ever known by millennia, will I lose her?"

[00:27:26]

Um, number two, if not number one. He knew what this was doing to her. This was [SIGHS]. Now I never asked Norman "How are you handling this? What are you doing? What, do you have a process?" I didn't ask any question, uh, except that I, you know, talking to you now I wish I had. I know I was intensely interested in how someone of his dimensions deals with pain on that level. And

it's such a, you know, it's such a special pain because it was his pain because it was her pain. If she weren't a southern fucking Baptist [LAUGHS] to whom this made a damn bit of difference, if she were the type of woman who could've and would've said to him, "Well, okay, uh, just, are we finished with that?" [NON-RELATED DIALOGUE]

[00:29:07]

ML : I'll give you how he handled it in one word that he gave to me: "Compartmentalize."

[00:29:17]

IF : Well, I, you know, this was fairly close to the Nixon, I mean, the Clinton times. And the Clinton, uh, presidency, when the question was asked, "How the fuck is he handling Bosnia, um, and [LAUGHS], you know, uh, missile crises and everything else when he's being impeached for getting blow jobs in the Oval Office," and what word did they use? Compartmentalize. I don't know what, if anything, you said to him, Michael. If he ever said that to me? I would've said, "Bullshit."

[00:30:05]

ML : I think he wanted, you know, in the Navy when we say "compartmentalize" we talk about waterproof walls, watertight, right, and that's how you save a ship. His walls weren't watertight. They weren't watertight. There was leaking, and he had holes all, but that was what he tried to do.

[00:30:24]

IF : Yes, yes. [SOUNDS LIKE :) Hard to believe that.

[00:30:26]

ML : That's what he tried to do. He failed. Well, you know, he called me on the phone and he said, I mean you were seeing him in New York, I don't know if he called you, but he called me on the phone, and he said, "I've got to tell you what happened." He said, "I've just had this horrible thing happen," and the line he kept repeating to me was, "You pay for your sins. You pay for your sins, and I'm paying for it now." It was in the New York Post, Norris was really pissed, he said, "I don't know what's going to happen," but he kept saying, "You pay for your sins, you pay for your sins."

[00:30:56]

IF : Now that I believe. The compartmentalize, well, the way you put it, in other words, compartmentalize if you can, or make the best effort, or that, whatever.

[00:31:08]

ML : If you can, [LAUGHS] that's right. In other words, he was still able to go to work. He was still able to write. It didn't paralyze him.

[00:31:17]

IF : It didn't paralyze him.

excerpt from

①

Lennon Interview with Jack Scovil, 3-24-10

ML : Have you ever speculated on how/why she was the one who had tamed him and the success of their relationship? Not perfectly successful but [JS LAUGHS]...

JS : Well, it lasted, let's put it that way.

ML : Oh, she was the love of his life.

JS : Well, I think that probably is the answer, Mike. Plus, Norris, as I had said earlier on, I really don't and wasn't involved in the personal aspects, in fact, I feel uncomfortable with any client, actually, dealing with their personal lives. But I do think that Norris, with her grace and her intelligence, helped out a great deal. But she also had the - what shall we say, I don't want to use the word 'luck' - but she had the advantage of coming into Norman's life after everything was really known about him. I mean, she could not have entered into this relationship not knowing what his reputation was and not knowing a lot of aspects and, therefore, being prepared to adjust and adapt to some of these things.

The one unfortunate aspect during his relationship, his marriage to Norris, was there were some lapses, as I'm sure you know, one of the most notorious ones.

ML : Carole Mallory.

JS : Carole Mallory and, of course, he was giving her money, and the money was being siphoned through the Scott Meredith Agency, and me. And at one point, long after that, that relationship ended. And I don't know whether you've ever met Carole or not.

ML : Oh yes, I've met her several times.

JS : It's, that's kind of surprising that Norman would get involved with someone like that. But, as I say, after it was over and Norris was writing her books, and I had asked Judith, "You know, why didn't Norris come to me with her book? Why didn't she ask me to be her agent?" Judith was very frank, she said, "She blames Carole on you." I mean, blames the fact that I didn't, I guess, tell her

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about it, that I was an enabler of the whole relationship, because I was the one that was funneling the money to Carole.

ML : You mean for the various interviews that she did?

JS : No outright.

ML : Oh, outright funneling.

JS : Oh yes.

ML : So that's how he gave it to her.

JS : Scott would never authorize giving Carole money unless Norman had authorized it. And there was a point where Norman wanted to cut her off and Carole had come up to the office and caused a great scene. She was crying and she was screaming and she was doing all kinds of things, saying all kinds of things, and that she deserved the money. I mean, she was sucking Norman's cock and she wanted her money. She viewed it as her money.

ML : Norman called us on the phone after Norris found out, right around the time of Scott's death, '91, in that period.

JS : Mm hmm.

ML : And Norman said, "I've made a big mistake," and it was terrible and he said, "You pay for your sins," is what he kept repeating, "you pay for your sins." They came very close to ending it right there. But they patched it up and he came back and that was really the end of his dalliances. There were flirtations, but there was never anything like that after that. And but when I'd talk to him about it he said, "You know, one part of me doesn't regret it." I said, "Why?" And he goes, "She was so venal." He said, "I learned so much about venality from her." So always the novelist.

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JS : Always the novelist, right, yes, right.

ML : She is the waitress at the beginning of HG.

JS : Oh, I didn't know that, actually. [LAUGHS]

ML : Yeah. She's the waitress, that's a portrait of her.

Carole's book is coming out now. Or it's out.

JS : I didn't know that.

ML : Oh yeah, it's called "Loving Mailer." They've just done an excerpt from it in one of the London newspapers, rags, and somebody from London sent it to Norris and Norris sent it to me and it's awful. God knows how much of it is true.

JS : And somebody's publishing this book?

ML : Oh yeah, it's called "Loving Mailer."

JS : 'Cause she's been trying to sell it for...

ML : She sold it, and it's coming out this month.

JS : I'll look it up.

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ML : Oh you'll find it.

JS : I'm just rather surprised that a publisher, it must be the guy out on the west coast.

ML : It's the west coast guy.

JS : Right.

ML : It's been in the works long enough.

JS : He does these. She's been trying to sell this for decades. She has to be of a certain age by now.

ML : She is my age, she's a year older, she's 68. With Norman when she was 40, and quite beautiful, but also voluptuous, you know.

JS : Well, I knew Carole when she was involved with Norman, and I always thought, "If you're going to do something like this why are you doing it with this thing?" But later, after we had established this agency, Norman had asked me to read a biography of her that was written by her husband, or her dead husband, and he said, "You know, there's a lot of, she really did a lot of things and it's very interesting" and all that kind of thing. But accompanying the manuscript were some photographs of her in her early days, in the modeling days, and I was really quite surprised at how beautiful she was at that time.

ML : She was. She was on the cover of several big magazines, she was in *Playboy*, and she was a star fucker, I mean, she had...

JS : Oh God yes, and she would tell everybody.

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ML : I was once with her and Bob Lucid and Pierre Trudeau, and she went right up to his hotel room, he was the ex-prime minister of Canada, and she screwed him, and he said, "I can't get rid of her." He said, "I made a mistake."

JS : Well she managed to fuck a lot of people. But she would never stop talking about it.

ML : She didn't have an ounce of discretion in her.

JS : She insinuated her way into Walter Anderson's office, the editor of PARADE Magazine, who's a very close friend of mine, and he said, well he's a client, but also a close friend, and he had said, "You know, she was only in my office for a few minutes and she was telling me about going to Warren Beatty's house and he threw her over the kitchen table and fucked her in the ass." And he said, "I had to tell her that Warren Beatty does that to every woman [BOTH LAUGH], that she wasn't special." But she's very successful, as I say, at getting to people; she was very aggressive and incredibly so.

ML : This was a Pygmalion story, in part, and Norman was helping her learn, grow, and become a writer and so on.

JS : And become a writer, yes. [LAUGHS] "And here it is. This is the fruit of my relationship with Norman." Why do you suppose Harvard bought the papers?

ML : Well, I know why they bought them, because I talked to the woman up there, she got in touch with me, and she said, "We didn't really care about the love story stuff, what we wanted was she had some manuscripts that were edited by Norman." Mallory did a series of interviews with Norman.

JS : Yes.

ML : There were half a dozen of them.

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JS : Right.

ML : One she did with Gore Vidal and Norman.

JS : Right.

ML : And that was one way of Norman getting her money.

JS : Yes.

ML : Norman would get the typescript of the interview and he would clean it up.

JS : I see.

ML : I've seen them, and there's not much there, they're, you know, little changes, you know, Norman was always an editor. And they said, "He was our distinguished graduate and we had no manuscripts in his hand, in our collection. And we paid a modest price, I think they only paid \$10,000. And Norris doesn't even know this, but Sam Radin and I, who was the executor of the Estate, Norman's cousin, we embargoed them, they're embargoed at Harvard. You can see the manuscripts but you can't see the love story stuff.

JS : You can't see the love story stuff.

ML : No, the woman at Harvard was mortified with the New York Post stories about the papers.

JS : Right.

ML : But, of course, Norris, by this time, was . . .

JS : Oh, on the ceiling, I'm sure.

ML : But you have good relations with Norris now, don't you?

JS : Oh yes, oh of course. Oh no, Norris has never said anything to me directly, so...

ML : No, she's never said anything to me, never. And your name has come up many times and she's never said anything but nice things. I think at a certain level she understands that you didn't have much control over this.

JS : Well, she does and there were probably a lot of other reasons, but I felt very bad at the time that she felt that I had anything to do with it, when really it was over my dead body that it happened. I had that no control.

ML : Well, Jack, that's been a great interview. I knew it would be.

JS : All right.

ML : You've told me a great deal so thank you very much.

JS : Well it's a pleasure always to see you, Mike. [TECHNICAL

END INTERVIEW W/ JACK SCOVIL

Spencer
Harris Mailer
Memoir, A
Text to the
C.A. 100, p. 320
Spencer, also p. 324

I swear to not
ask for any more money
from Norman Mailer
until ~~Feb~~ March 1990.
And then I have very little
expectation of getting it.
But I will love him
any way if he gives me
\$1000. when I turn my
TRANSCRIPT INTO JACK SCOVILL
as a professional employee.
Audrey Mailer
Dec 1, 1989

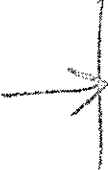
Excerpt from J. Michael Lennon's unpublished notes on meetings with Norman Mailer, "Mailer Log"

02-19-06

Quiet dinner with Donna and NM at Michael Shay's. We all had the excellent swordfish. We picked NM up at 6:15. He was sitting in the darkening living room facing the sea. Watching the sunset, he said. At dinner, we talked about the novel again. He said that he had "broken the logjam," and was again moving forward. He is already speculating about how it will be received, preparing, as usual, for the worst. "A Jew writing on Hitler will not be applauded in many quarters," he said. Even non-Jews will object to an examination of Hitler's inner state as a boy. He hopes the novel will be despised and admired for the same reasons: the delineation of Hitler's thoughts and motives fears and desires.

Jeff Posternak told NM that he and Andrew Wylie had no problems with the statement he had me draft concerning the ending of the novel. But now he seems to be in no rush to sign it.

We talked about Scott Meredith, NM's longtime agent. When I said with some derision that Meredith never read the manuscripts that NM submitted, he replied that Scott had very bad eyes and could not read much. He went on to say that Scott used to write for men's magazines, pulps, and get ¼ cent a word. He is loyal to Scott's memory.



I don't know how we got on the subject, but he revealed that Carole Mallory was the chief model for the lubricious waitress in the opening chapters of *Harlot's Ghost*. He said that while he was sorry about the damage his affair with her had caused, he nevertheless didn't regret it entirely because he had learned so much from her. When I asked what he had learned about, he said, "Venality."

NM told us that he had recently learned that the Legion of Honor award he would receive on March 3rd from the French Ambassador, is the third highest one. This did not please him, although he didn't say much about it.

After dinner, poker. NM beat us both, winning \$80. His full house beat Donna's trips on the last, "all in" hand. On the 21st, I will drive him to Yarmouth to get his Massachusetts license.

LENNON 000016

CONFIDENTIAL

Memo from Mailer's
Secretary, Judith Mc Nally,
re Mailer's memo to George
Rush story at Mail.
On NY Post 7-24-96,
"Mailer's ex-mistress picking Hollywood
in the 11 days then
Chris Malloy"

24 July 1996

24 July 1996

Norman,

Here are the questions/topics George Rush brought up:

CM is trying to have a movie made from her memoir; she says there are "people" and one producer in particular interested--she told the name to Rush but asked him not to divulge it and he didn't--but cannot go forward without NM's cooperation. She told Rush she's written to NM to try to enlist said cooperation. Says she has "softened" the book.

2

Has suggested Marlon brando play NM.

Rush's question: has NM any interesting in having such a movie made.

CM alleges the character of Chloe in HG is based on her, which NM told her. CM took exception to certain sexual behavior exhibited by the character; NM told her that part of the Chloe character was based on Norris.

CM says NM has had 6 wives, 7 mistresses

CM says Norris knew about CM's liaison with NM and didn't care; that CM and Norris shared the "dilemma of loving NM while still trying to love themselves."

CM says NM is the only one uncomfortable about his extramarital activity, and that only because NM's father was a philanderer. CM says NM's mother was a controller who "cleaned up" after Norman, just as Mallory cleaned up after Norman. Mallory says she "tried to save NM from his drinking" and by taking him to AA meetings and refusing to let him make love to her when he'd been drinking.

CM characterizes her relationship with NM as a "love story with a sudden death ending." CM says she was dumped when both of them had no further use for her. I asked Rush who "both" were--"Norman and Norris," he replied. "Norris?" I questioned. Rush said he had asked Mallory exactly the same thing when she made that statement; Mallory's explanation: Norris felt Mallory was valuable to NM as a researcher and further, if someone was going to be NM's mistress, it might as well be CM.

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CM further states (although Rush calls this trivial) that she ghosted NM's self-interview for Cosmo--that NM didn't understand Helen Gurley Brown's questions about women and CM rephrased and explained them to NM.

Rush does a 6-day-a-week col. for the Daily News--plans to write this in the next day or two; would be glad to have your comment on any portion of the above. His # is 212-210-1593.

call Mr. Rockower at 3 pm today, August 1
his #, 516-437-3100

Also, call Andrew Jacobs 212-475-1239. He is doing the New York Times story on Daphne Hellman.

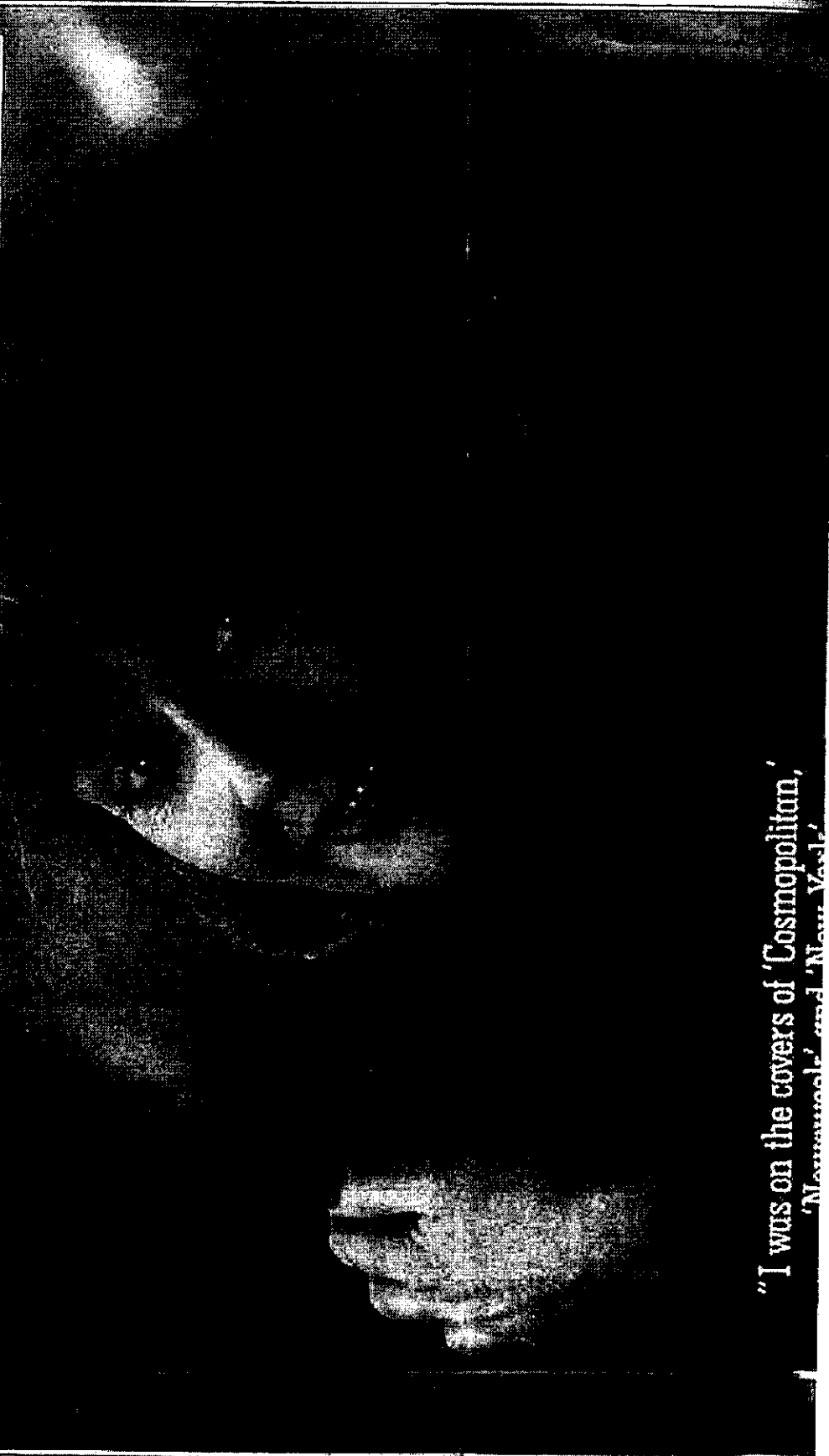
York Times story on Daphne Hellman

#1
"My Story"


SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1967

The State Journal-Register

PARADISE



"I was on the covers of 'Cosmopolitan,'
'Newsweek,' and 'New York'



"I was on the covers of 'Cosmopolitan,'
'Newsweek' and 'New York'
magazine, yet I felt like a failure.
Sixteen years later, not sure of
the next month's rent, I feel terrific."

My Story

BY CAROLE WAGNER MALLORY

INSIDER: Dinner For Two By The Silver Palate Chefs

A top model describes her life among the chic and the famous, her hidden misery—and her self-rescue

MY STORY

IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1971, I WAS ON THE COVERS OF *COSMO*, *POLITAN*, *NEWSWEEK*, *ESQUIRE* AND *NEW YORK* MAGAZINES. YET I FELT LIKE A FAILURE. SIXTEEN YEARS LATER, NOT SURE OF THE NEXT MONTHS, I WROTE: I FEEL TERRIFIC.

For years, I had been carrying around a lot of anger and little self-esteem. To cope with this, and to forget my pain, I sought to escape through sex, alcohol and drugs, running away never worked. It isn't easy to repair a life. But I resolved to try. One night seven years ago—crying, screaming inside—I sat down at the typewriter. Instead of trying to avoid the facts of my life, I was determined to examine them. So I then put *Write them down*. Finally, I would stop being a stranger, a fiction, to myself and try to find out who I really was. It helped. Yes, maybe it will help you too.

Here's some of what I discovered. I had been struggling for years with the feeling that I didn't fit in. Where did that come from? I remember first feeling that way at the age of 7. Throughout second grade, I was bed-ridden with rheumatic fever. I was advanced to third grade with my classmates, but from then on, I never really felt I belonged. I felt different and, with a damaged heart, I was. Medical care helped the physical problem, but the emotional feeling dogged me into adulthood. I was always desperate for approval and acceptance from others—without them, I had no value. That would remain true until I could accept myself. Loving a man almost always means losing him. My first love was my father. He used to tell me I was "good" and

to do. Herb? Got a divorce? My sister and I giggled, as we always did when he got Mom's goat.

My father laughed at my jokes too, when Mom didn't. She worried about the neighbors. They might disapprove—of something we'd say, of how we'd look. "You're so messy," Carole, she'd say. "You'll never amount to anything. You're just like your father."

I, however, thought my father amounted to a great deal. Pop was a proud graduate of the Wharton School of Business Administration, Envious of the fame of his great-uncle, Gen. Lou Wagner, who fought in the Battle of Bull Run. Pop wanted to be rich and famous. (Would this cause Mom and others to think he was important after all?) At an early age, I concluded that if I became famous, I would please him (and maybe make Mom think I'd "amounted" to something).

At 13, my body began to change. Mom would inspect me each time I left the house to see if my bra straps were showing (people might be shocked by such shameful things). To hide my tiny breasts, I hunched over as I carried my books. Around this time, my father developed a mysterious twitch, followed shortly by a nervous breakdown. Every conceivable test and drug was given to him. His condition worsened. He was given shock treatments. Nothing worked.

When I was 14, doctors performed a lobotomy on my father. Only after the operation was it finally determined that he had Parkinson's disease, for which a lobotomy is no help. The twitch never left. But his eyes no longer blinked. He squinted. He drooled. He shuffled his





Carole Mallory:
"I was
determined to
face the facts
of my life."
Today, I feel
terrific."

BY CAROLE WAGNER MALLORY

LHUA FAILURE. SIXTEEN YEARS LATER, NOT ONE OF THE NEXT MONTH'S REN I FEEL TERRIFIC.

For years, I had been carrying around a lot of anger and little self-esteem. To cope with this, and to forget my pain, I sought to escape through sex, alcohol and drugs. Running away never worked. It isn't easy to repair a life. But I resolved to try. One night seven years ago—crying, screaming inside—I sat down at the typewriter. Instead of trying to avoid the facts of my life, I was determined to examine them. So then out *Wag the Dragon*. Finally, I would stop being a stranger, a fiction, to myself and try to find out who I really was. It helped me. Maybe it will help you too.

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I had been struggling for years with the feeling that I didn't fit in.
When did that come from? I remember first feeling that way at the age of 7. Throughout second grade, I was bed-ridden with rheumatic fever. I was advanced to third grade with my classmates, but from then on, I *wasn't* really. I felt like an outcast. I felt different and, with a damaged heart, I was. Medical care helped the physical problem, but the emotional feeling dogged me into adulthood. I was always desperate for approval and acceptance from others—without them, I had no value. That would remain true until I could accept myself.

Living a man almost always meant losing him. My first love was my father. He used to tell me, "I was 'good,' and that made me feel good about myself. I lost him to illness and to my mother."

Mom was the disciplinarian in the family. She would often say, "I didn't do things right—and eventually I began to feel 'wrong.' As a skinny child—I was nicknamed "Toothpick"—I dreamed of being a voluptuous model and a starlet. But Mom said anything sexy was a sin. I felt naughty.

My father, on the other hand, liked sexy things. Once, on the way to the beach as a joke, he drove into a nudist colony and parked for a few minutes in full view of all the naked swimmers. Mom screamed, "What are you trying

when Mom didn't. She worried aloud about the neighbors. They might disapprove of something we'd say, of how we'd look. "You're so messy, Carole," she'd say. "You'll never amount to anything. You're just like your father."

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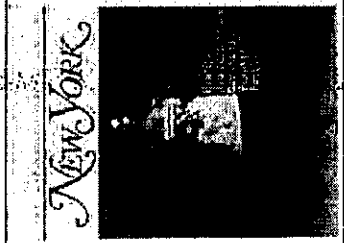
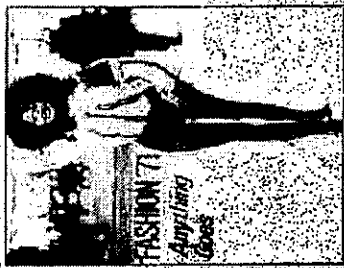
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By this time—if I put on makeup just right—I was pretty. I knew, because people looked at me instead of my father. (Boys, in particular.) I reasoned that if I could make myself pretty enough, I could distract their attention from Daddy. I would think, as I stared back into their eyes, "If you look at my father and laugh, you'll have to deal with me."

COVER GIRL

In the 1970s, Malloy appeared on the covers of at least 15 magazines, as well as in a dozen movies. "I looked sexy, I made love to stars. And I drank," she writes. "When I drank, I felt beautiful, young, as beloved as a star."



Later, I used that thought as a weapon when I modeled.

For most of my life, I felt I was a fraud. People might say I looked okay, but what did they know, really? And what if they learned the truth?

I worked my way through college—Pennsylvania State University, four hours from home—I developed a figure. One day, as a candidate for Miss PSU, in front of 22,000 students, I was asked: "What was the most challenging event for you to overcome?" I answered: "My father's leprosy." People recoiled. I had wanted to win the contest not only for myself but also for my father. But by saying that, to people unprepared to understand, I defeated myself. I had always privately felt like a loser. Now I was a public one. Why should I win? If the truth were known, underneath, almost anyone was better, prettier.

To escape the sadness and danger that resulted from my leprosy, I turned to alcohol and other drugs.

After graduation from PSU, I returned home and began teaching school. Some evenings, another teacher and I would go to a piano bar on sophisticated Rittenhouse Square in nearby Philadelphia. A whiskey, some with a pretty orange and a cherry became my first drink. It looked elegant and made me feel elegant. I wanted to be from the Main Line high society of Grace Kelly and Happy Rockefeller, instead of from middle-class Springfield, Delaware County. The more I drank, the more superior I felt—until the next day. When I wasn't drinking, I felt cut off, odd, ashamed of my family, ashamed of feeling ashamed.

A year passed. I couldn't bear to watch my father anymore. I became a stew-



Garbo and her mother, Laura Wagner, look through family photos at mother's home in Norristown, Pa.

drank with every meal, so did I. Compulsively, Sobel, I found the French intimidating. But when I drank, I felt bad in bed. Again, it became clear: My outstudies might appear sexy to the world, but we know I was a fraud.

In the fall of '75, I was flown to Hollywood to test for the starring role in a film about a kidnapped sex symbol. The movie was never made, but my agent said, "If you want to act, you gotta live in L.A." I moved to L.A. Within the movie industry, I became a sex symbol without a film. Stars came to me. I dated them all.

I found more escapes—marijuana and cocaine. And then I faced a fact: I was an alcoholic.

One night, alone with my TV, I saw Betty Ford on the screen. She warned of the lethal combination of Valium and wine. "Look what the Presidency did to that poor woman!" I thought, reaching for my Valium and finishing my wine.

I was in a dozen movies from '75 to '79, and my photograph appeared on 15 magazine covers. I looked sexy. I made love to stars. And I drank. When I drank, I felt beautiful, young and as beloved as a star—except when I drank too much and threw up in this place.

My father died in '76, and I began using cocaine. My addiction to sex with stars was over. They had all left me. By '78, I was living with a rock 'n' roll clothing designer and his baby son. What did we have in common? Wine, ale, booze, marijuana, cocaine and tilt bowls stolen from Trader Joe's, which I'd throw at him when I was high. More than once, I challenged him to kill me. We had violent brawls.

By now, I was seeing a therapist. "Has anyone ever told you you're an alcoholic?" she asked. My response was quick: "I only drink wine. It's chic." I laughed—the denying laugh of an alcoholic. She didn't laugh. She called the head of the detoxification program at



but what did they know, really? And what if they learned the truth?

I worked my way through college—Pennsylvania State University, four hours from home. I developed a figure. One day, as a candidate for Miss PSU in front of 22,000 students, I was asked: "What was the most challenging event for you to overcome?" I answered: "My father's lobotomy." People recoiled. I had wanted to win the contest not only for myself but also for my father. But by saying that, to people unprepared to understand, I defeated myself. I had always privately felt like a loser. Now I was a public one. Why should I win? If the truth were known, underneath, almost anyone was better, prettier.

To atone the sadness and anger that I felt, I began to drink. I turned to alcohol and began drinking every evening, another father and I would go to a piano bar on sophisticated Rittenhouse Square in nearby Philadelphia. A whiskey sour with a pretty orange and a cherry became my first drink. It looked elegant and made me feel elegant. I wanted to be from the Main Line high society of Grace Kelly and Happy Rockefeller, instead of from middle-class Springfield, Delaware County. The more I drank, the more superior I felt—until the next day. When I wasn't drinking, I felt on off, odd, ashamed of my family. Ashamed of feeling ashamed.

A year passed. I couldn't bear to watch my father anymore. I became a stewardess and tried to fly away from my family, my past. On my first flight, I became airsick and learned to take Dramamine before flying. During flights to the Orient, I developed insomnia and soon became addicted to sleeping pills. Stewardesses weren't allowed to drink on duty, but alcohol was free to first-class passengers. Drinking made me feel more like them, rather than their waitress. I drank and joined the elite.

"Success" didn't stop me from feeling like a failure.

Passengers urged me to model and, as I grew up, even Mom said I'd been born with a perfect body. So, I took a leave of absence in Paris with hopes of learning a new profession. Since Parisians

drank with every meal, so did I. Copiously. Sober, I found the French intimidating. But when I drank, I felt better, funnier than they did—more important—I felt they liked me—that I fit in. After about three months, I was photographed by Guy Bourdin for *Vogue* and pursued modeling. I met and soon married a struggling sculptor, Ron Mallory. It was 1969. I was 27. Ron had many rich and famous friends. He taught me how to dress, talk, be chic, fit in.

Each June, I'd model in Paris, then join Ron in the French resort of St. Tropez. The topless women there conflicted with the values I'd learned from Mom. After a few glasses of wine, I would become violent and, in bed, I would, without any notice, I couldn't stop drinking. And Ron had said I was

agent said, "If you want to act, you gotta live in L.A." I moved to L.A. Within the movie industry, I became a sex symbol without a film. Stars came to me. I dated them all.

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How my life had fallen apart! I remembered a luncheon aboard a yacht in the Mediterranean with Prince Rainier and Princess Grace. The prince had asked me to sit by his side. Now I lived in a tenement with someone else's 2-year-old child, one set of sheets and no curtains.

I realized I couldn't run anymore. My therapist introduced me to the late Gordon MacRae, who had been the star of *Oklahoma!* and was a recovering alcoholic. Gordon introduced me to people who were doing their best to give up drinking and drugs. They shared their

Continued

MY STORY / continued

stories. They offered helpful suggestions.

One was that I try to believe in a power greater than myself and turn my will over to that higher power. It sounded odd, but I was told this was essential to remaining sober. This "higher power" could be of my own choosing—the universe, coincidence, a pet. I chose the group spirit of others like myself who were trying to recover from alcoholism.

I also followed a suggestion that I write about my past. Facts too painful to talk about, it was said, ought to be put down on paper. I went to the library and researched Parkinson's disease, lobotomies and alcoholism. I read the lengthy medical report on my father's illness, in which doctors gave contradictory diagnoses and treatments. I glimpsed a little of the nightmare my mother had gone through. How hard she had worked at nursing a sick shadow of a husband! We talked, and she confided, "I had started to take Daddy's medicine. I needed something. Someone was taking care of me. I know." Then she cried, and I realized how little I knew about her. I began asking questions.

She was the eldest of 12 children, with a mother who was confined to a wheelchair and a father who was an alcoholic. As a young girl, my mother actually had raised her brothers and sisters. While I was proud of her German accent and her rural childhood, she was ashamed of both. In fact, she confessed, she had felt painfully inferior all her life. By getting to know Mom, I was able to stop blaming her and to forgive her for what had seemed her harsh judgments of me as a child. As a bonus, I also was able to stop blaming myself for real and imagined flaws. Today, Mom and I are good friends.

In 1981, after being sober for two years, I no longer felt washed-up and old. I was finding peace by facing myself through writing. And I realized I had a choice of what to do with my life. I decided to take a risk—to try to become a writer. Two years earlier, I'd had \$50,000 in the bank and felt poor. Now I was going to risk that money on writing a book about what I'd learned

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It's a lot of work, this writing—not a 9-to-5 job but one that has driven me 24 hours a day for six years, toward reality, not away from it. It's the hardest job I've ever tackled. And I love it. ■

Carole Wagner Mallory's novel, "Flash," will be published in 1988 by Simon & Schuster.

PAGE 6 • JUNE 28, 1987 • PARADE MAGAZINE

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#3
"Malory Lalors
on the Job"

NEW YORK POST

NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1981

On the Town

Mallory labors on the 'Job'

By ED NAHA

'My teachers always said that I was too pretty to be funny. That was nonsense.'

WITH strikes and strikers in the headlines, it makes a lot of sense for a movie named *Take This Job and Shove It* to open Friday.

Taking its cue from the Johnny Paycheck song of the same name, the film is an off-the-wall look at the ultimate strike: pitting efficiency expert Robert Hays, late of *Airplane*, against such hometown brewery boosters as Art Carney, Barbra Hershey and David Allan Coe.

The film's real-life strike has already had some real life repercussions on select members of its racy cast. Carole Mallory, who plays a self-proclaimed "strike deterrent" in the film, has seen fit to organize herself into a one-woman labor movement with the accent on movement.

"I'm the president of The Strike of the Month Club," she says, tongue planted firmly in cheek. "We're an organization that is always on the lookout for potential strikers. When we find them, we teach them how to shove their jobs at their bosses."

A former model, Carole's main task is to show up for work in a bikini or tight T-shirt and offer moral support to frustrated workers. She's already shared her insights with the Dallas Cowboys in terms of possible striking positions and that, she says, was only the beginning.

"I'd like to meet with Mayor Koch and give him advice on how to handle the sanitation workers should they walk out," she says. "I'd also like to coun-



Carole Mallory charms Robert Hays in a scene from "Take This Job and Shove It."

sel Lech Walesa. I just have to figure out how to say 'take this job and shove it' in Polish. We might shove it to [Secretary of Interior] James Watt, too, if he doesn't clean up his air by Sept. 30."

Mallory, prone to deadpan humor, is obviously taking new delight in her new film persona. She has posed for a *Take This Job and Shove It* poster that is already a best seller. "I'd like to send it to Brezhnev," she smiled, "to show him what free enterprise is about."

Between bouts with sh-tick, Carole reveals that she really enjoyed the comic aspects of her new film.

"It makes a point and makes you laugh at the same time. It's an ideal sit-

uation for me. I studied comedy with Robin Williams and John Ritter. My teachers always told me that I was too pretty to be funny. That was nonsense. They should have shoved that thought."

Leaping from a slight show of seriousness to her film-related job actions, she says: "I've just nominated Andy Warhol to be in charge of Idle Conversation to Sooth Strikers... because he's such a good conversationalist."

The model-turned-actress-turned-labor negotiator roles her eyes and emits a slight laugh. "Maybe laughter could help end all strikes, even this PATCO mess. If Reagan and Poli both lightened, no one would have to shove it."



Carole Mallory: on the job.

NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1981

On the Town

MOVIES ★ MUSIC ★ THEATER ★ DANCE ★ RESTAURANTS ★ NIGHT LIFE

Girls of the summer

THEIR GOOD LOOKS KEEP EVERYBODY LOOKING

By STEPHEN M. SILVERMAN

DON'T credit Old Man Sunshine for filling the box-office coffers this summer. After the year looked to be a wash-out for Hollywood, along came the major hits of summer. The reason? We credit the women.

After all, if Superman can give up his powers to romance Lois Lane

and rough-and-tumble Indiana Jones can break into tears over the loss of his Marion, we can go ga-ga over the feminine charms afforded movie-goers this season.

Two of the newest finds emerge tomorrow, *Carole Mallory in Take This Job and Shove It* and Kathleen Turner in *Body Heat*.

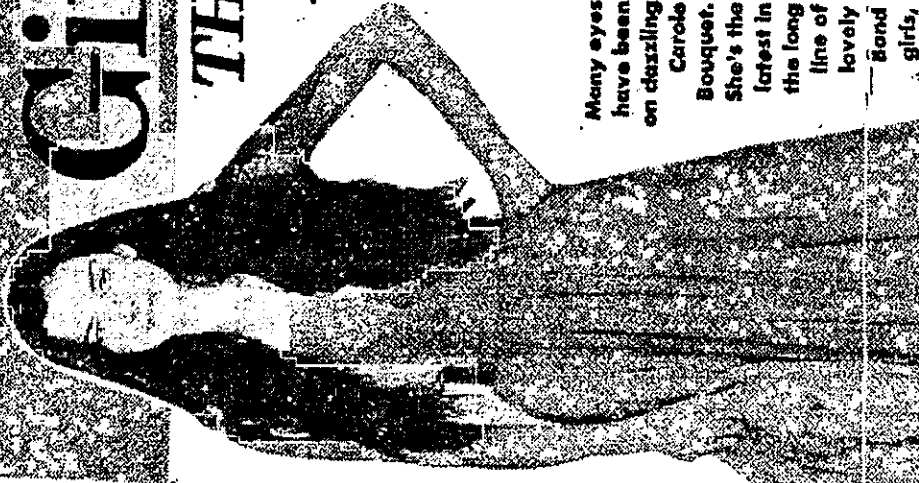
Bikini-clad Carole's poster from *Take This Job* is already a best-seller, and for obvious reasons. Miss Turner has chestnut-colored hair and a shapely figure, and as if that weren't enough, she possesses a voice every bit as sultry as Lauren Hutton's.

Miss Hutton has proved herself no slouch this summer, either. With her deft straight-man delivery to George Hamil-

Many eyes have been on dazzling

Carole Bouquet.

She's the latest in the long line of lovely blond girls,



Ex-model Carole Mallory's striking figure is used as a "strike deferrer" in the upcoming "Take This Job and Shove It."

Tonight

25¢
DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK
THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1981

LAT
STC

TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT

★ ★
Robert Hays, Art Carney. Directed by Gus Trikonis. At
Cinemas 1. Running time: 1 hour, 40 minutes. Rated
PG.

NO, "TAKE THIS Job and Shove It" is not a movie about the disgruntled air traffic controllers, although it does star Robert Hays, an actor who, more or less, soared to fame in "Airplane." Hays' career has taken a sudden nose dive with this dizzy spoof about corporate greed which was inspired by Johnny Paycheck's hit tune of the '70s.

Director Gus Trikonis starts off well enough. Hays, playing a rising young executive of a conglomerate, returns to

his home town of Dubuque, Iowa, to help raise the production level of his company's latest acquisition, a local brewery. What with his fancy suits and his snazzy Mercedes, he quickly arouses the resentment of his former high school buddies who work on the brewery's assembly line. Nor is his old girl friend (Barbara Hershey) exactly pleased to see him behaving like a company man. And so it goes. Despite the presence of Art Carney as the crotchety head of the brewery and the added hype of frequent interludes of twangy Country-and-Western songs, "Take This Job and Shove It" goes completely flat after the first bubbly ten minutes.



Daily News, Friday, August 28, 1981

—K.C. Mallory and Hays love it.

CAROLE MALLORY, the sexpot in the film *Take This Job and Shove It*, was a guest on Joe Franklin's TV show, and Joe, a sensitive soul, asked her kindly to cover up a little bit.

"She was showing almost as much as she does on her poster," Joe said. "I told her, 'You have to remember, we're on just before *Romper Room*!'"

Carole couldn't understand what the fuss was about.

"It was just a sweet sunsuit, cut fairly low in front," she told us, "held together by a bow. I just tightened the bows in back a little."

Joe, who just signed a two-year contract with Channel 9, says he's had to ask other guests to cover up a little, too: "There was Greta Thyssen, and Monique Vooren, and a couple of the Gaboras."

"Zsa Zsa said, 'Dollie, if it wasn't for cleavage, maybe there wouldn't be any children to watch *'Romper Room.'*"

NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1981

Last Night
with
Martin Burden

Los Angeles Times

LOS ANGELES TIMES, JULY 24, 1981

Fashion 81

Listen

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Fashion 81

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1981



Snow White

It's one thing to be told you've got an animated personality. But Carole Mallory tells *Listen* it's a whole other thing to be told you have an animated body. Mallory—whose form once graced the covers of *Newsweek* and *Cosmopolitan*—has been chosen by Ralph Bakshi and Frank Frazetta to star in their cartoon epic, "Fire and Ice." Mallory's body will be photographed in action sequences as the evil queen Julianna and then transformed to animated images. "Marge Champion posed as Snow White for the Walt Disney movie," says Mallory, "so I figure my body's in good company."

Compiled by the Fashion 81 Staff

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Fashion82

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1982

cross-country runners

By TIMOTHY HAWKINS

NEW YORK—What do women like to wear with their fur coats? Diamonds, of course. And designer gowns. Skiwear, once in a while. Or maybe a sexy slip under a mink, à la Elizabeth Taylor in "Butterfield 8." And then there are running shoes. *Running shoes? With fur coats?*

That's the latest fashion phenomenon on the streets of Manhattan where, in the past, such dressy/casual mixes have been downgraded as "the way they do it out on the Coast."

Picture a six-figure sable on top and sweat socks and sneakers on the bottom. A silver-tipped fox fur teamed with track shoes. Or a rabbit coat coupled with rubber soles.

Don't just picture it on the jogging trails in Central Park. You're as likely to see this fur-and-fast-feet look on the toney corner of Fifth Avenue and 57th Street or along the boutique-lined sidewalks of Madison Avenue as on lower crust streets in Greenwich Village and Soho.

Women who can't afford pricey pelts or simply don't care to wear them also are involved in the sneaker attack but opt for such cover-ups as fake furs, camel's hair, basic wool or that fur-of-the-duck look, the down-filled coat.

Designers and manufacturers of high heels and other less action-oriented footwear needn't run scared. In a city where walking is a way of life, the idea is to save feet by wearing running shoes for pounding the sidewalks, while carrying the heels in a shopping bag or purse. Just before arriving at the office or lunch or the business appointment, the shoes get switched.

L.A. actress Carole Mallory, who travels to New York about every three months, says her running shoes make sense in a fast-paced city. "It's difficult to get in and out of cabs in high heels. I can also move quickly when I get in a tight situation. I'm on the run here even when I'm stationary. And my mother always said, 'Be prepared.'" Mallory, who wears her Nikes with a pin-striped suit and antique fur and keeps her heels in a big leather purse, adds: "You can wear high heels in L.A. because there we drive most of the time. But in New York, walking makes more sense, and it's something I enjoy. Running shoes love sidewalks. Heels don't!"



Running shoes take the edge off pavement pounding, while full-length fur coat keeps the wearer warm.

#2 #1
Esquire Golf
on a Date
with Candy
Mallory

Esquire goes on a date

with **CAROLE
MALLORY**



WE WERE FEEL-
ing grouchy, defensive. Just when our social life
was starting to swirl—this was to be our third date
in as many months—friends and strangers began
to snipe, shout admonitions, offer needless advice.
“What’s with this *we*?” a good friend wrote
anidely after reading the account of one of our
earlier dates. “Who are you, the Tabernacle Choir?
Do you travel in a pack? How do you go on these
dates, on a bus?” Then a weekly New York tabloid
chimed in, twitting us with a lead-balloon parody
that likened us to the entire Foreign Legion primp-
ing for a big night on the town.

Need we explain our pluralism? At the top of this page, it
says “*Esquire* Goes on a Date”—not Menachem Begin, not
Jerry Mahoney, not Alvin and the Chipmunks (though we may
often sound that way). It’s the magazine, not any one person,
that’s represented here, and for good reason, we think. The
magazine is, on the whole, wittier, smarter, more courteous,
and probably better looking than anyone here, to say nothing of
the fact that the magazine has more cash to spend on a date
than anyone here. These evenings aren’t cheap! Besides, if
other magazines can be *we*, why can’t we? *The New Yorker*
Talk of the Town uses us when it gives its view on the current
world crisis, or when it chats with R. V. Trumppegas (or whom-
ever), owner of the world’s largest fleet of miniature tugboats.
Then there was the reader mail. One day we opened two
letters from readers who had observations to make on our
dates. The first was from a man who accused us of being “il-
literate [sic].” He wanted us to stop abili-stalizing on the
sloop and try to seduce these dames, the way a *real* man
would. He urged us to go for the Big Score, and said if we
couldn’t we should be replaced.

We were distracted by the above when we first talked to
Carole Mallory. Indeed, we just grunted when she phoned to

ESQUIRE/DECEMBER 1989

tell us she'd fly in from Los Angeles to go out with us Saturday night. The actors' strike was still on, she noted, and she wanted to see her mother in Pennsylvania, and yes, it might even be "fun" to get together with us. Great, we harrumphed. The truth was, we didn't know very much about Carole, other than that she once modeled for an Esquire cover, that she'd appeared in *The Stepford Wives* and *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, and that she is beguilingly sexy in *Take This Job and Shove It*, a forthcoming movie based on the country-and-western tune of the same fetching title.

When she arrived in New York on Friday and gave us a call, she was anything but frosty. Here is a woman of unpredictable passion, we quickly decided. We'd best plan on an evening downtown, away from the stuffed shirts, closer to the action. We told Carole we'd see her the next night, then went to sleep, adrift in many emotions, not one of them ill-confidence.

At 8:29 on Saturday we rang Carole's buzzer (she was staying with a friend in a Park Avenue apartment). Now came those awful, tantalizing seconds every fellow who dates knows so well. We heard

ings had seams running down the sides of her legs, which, however strange this may sound, worked to good effect. Believe us. We extended our hand and said hello.

Dinner was at the Soho Charcuterie, a popular restaurant of spare design except for its prices, which are ornate. We ordered thin slices of duck in peach sauce and also rack of lamb, each of which we divided and placed on the other's plate. We then found ourselves asking a million dumb questions about Carole's life, including—so help us—one about what she usually keeps in her refrigerator.

"Apple juice—always—melons, Yoplait yogurt, and a chicken or two that I buy at Hughes Market," she told us. "You wouldn't believe how popular these chickens are. The manager makes announcements over the store's loudspeaker telling shoppers when the next batch of chickens will be ready. I always find that an exciting moment."

Carole filled us in on her life story: she was born in Pennsylvania Dutch country; was a cheerleader in high school, where, she said, she wore two pairs of bobby socks because my ankles were so thin; went to college at Penn State; studied

further at Temple University's Tyler School of Art; taught high school in a Philadelphia suburb; worked briefly for Pan Am; moved to Paris to be a model; returned to New York to do some commercials and modeling; and, four years ago, settled in Hollywood to seek her place in the movies.

We told her some of our theories about the differences between the East and West coasts. In reply, Carole startled us with a radical plan for urban transportation. "I love Los Angeles because I can get around there

easily," she began. "I love everything about New York except that it's hard to get around. What we should have here are self-propelled space suits. No kidding. Everyone could fly from place to place. The technology exists. Imagine going to an appointment on the thirty-first floor of an office building. Why, you could fly right in the window! I've talked this over with various people, to mixed reactions. Pete Hamill says it wouldn't work. But Billy Friedkin thinks it could."

As we left the restaurant, Carole took

our hand. Amending our itinerary, we made an unexpected trip back uptown to fetch Carole's eyeglasses, which she had left at home. "I only need them to see," she said with a smile. "I have a feeling you'll like them." When she returned they were perched on her nose: large, sweeping frames of bright-blue plastic. She looked like a cross between Diane Keaton and Sue Lyon, with just a hint of Elton John. We wondered what our mother would think if we ever brought her home.

Our next stop was Xenon, a fashionable disco with a big crowd outside pleading to get in. Inside, we were a cozy couple, seated on a banquette, staring at the dancers, observing the couture: the women wore Indian beads and fringe, the men wore everything from three-piece suits to cabana sets. We held hands. Carole Mallory, we can tell you, has remarkable skin—as soft as an infant's, always cool. When we told her so, she thanked us. Then, after taking in another eyeful of Indians and beachboys, she leaned over and whispered in our ear, "Who are these schmucks?"

We left and drove downtown to the Rock Lounge, a recently opened music loft that featured a New Wave band called the Offs (insecticide rock?). Typical of the new city clubs, the Rock Lounge was stark and a bit menacing. (In downtown music circles, decor went out with the Beatles.) Carole said she liked flashier places, so we headed back uptown to a converted art deco recording studio renamed the Ritz. The joint was a jump. Against the back wall there was a huge video screen on which were projected old cartoons and live images of people dancing. (The Ritz, too, was overrun with Apaches, Cherokees, and Hopis.) It was now that Carole decided to dance. She kicked off her shoes, removed her jacket, thrust her slender arms high in the air, and let loose. For us, the rest of the Ritz stood still as we watched this striking woman out-sither the Indians, cowboys, bikers, paratroopers, drag queens, and punks. The performance, alas, was brief. Carole's clothes kept coming undone: her skirt's side slit kept moving to the center, her delicate silk blouse kept trying to liberate everything inside. Carole's hands were all over herself as she tried to hold herself together.

At four A.M. we arrived back at her doorstep—still not ill-confident, Mr. Marauder, merely wilted and sleepy. Carole asked us to call the next day; she'd like to see us again. Then we kissed her softly—on the lips—and went home. When we crawled into bed we thought about her skin. We thought about the chicken at Hughes. We thought about how the music had been so loud we never got to say much to Carole. We thought about how easy it is to get caught up in other people's idea of romance, and how important it is to do whatever the hell you think is right.

Then we fell asleep, as somewhere in the night the Indians danced on. ☺

PHOTOGRAPH: DONNA FERRATO



the light click of Carole's heels across the parquet and a slight rustling sound just before she turned the latch and opened the door. Yes, we were somewhat nervous, but our juices were going and we felt plucky. Oddly, we must have been staring at the floor, because the first we saw of her was her ankles (more on which later). Then we looked at her face, which glowed with a soft smile. Her hair was attractively tousled. She was dressed in a black suit with faint sparkly pinstripes, her skirt slit high up the right side. Her black silk stock-

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6/13/81

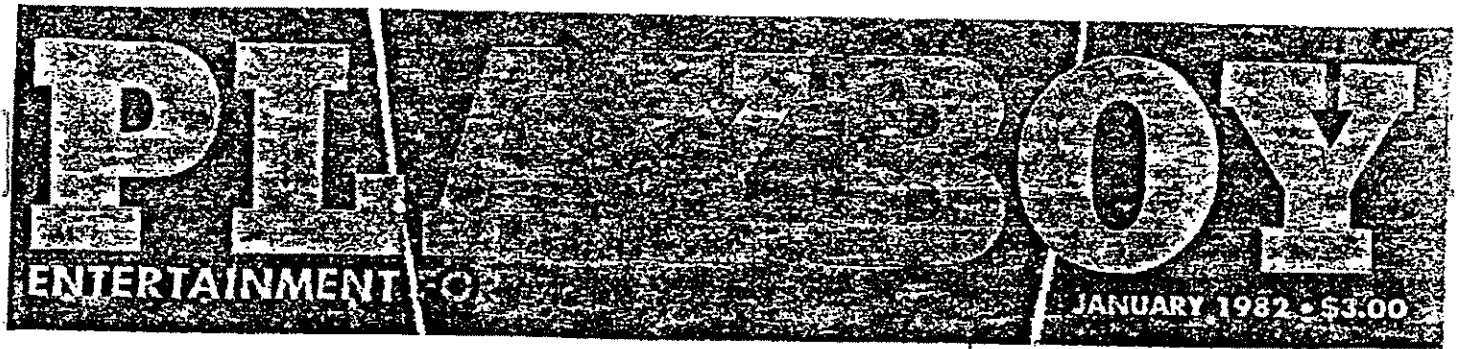
Her name is Carole Mallory, and she's the hottest property to come out of Hollywood since a tight-fitting sweater did the job for Lana Turner, while sipping a soda in Schwab's Drug Store on Sunset Boulevard. Already exposed on the cover of Newsweek,

Cosmopolitan, Esquire, and New York, and a member of the wedding in such flicks as "The Stepford Wives," and "Looking For Mr. Goodbar," the well-sculptured lass is about to get further treatment. Pro Arts in Cincinnati just signed her to a poster deal, and no less a photog than Phil Dixon does the honors. And to show that our hearts (mine and Monique's) are in the right place, you can give her a bell at . . . Oh yes, I almost forgot. Her new flick is "Take This Job And Shove It," and in July, you'll catch her with Peter Falk in "All The Marbles." She's a lot of gal.



Carole: 'You've got my number'





GRAPEVINE




**Racket Back and
Bend Your Knees—
Don't Get Behind
in Tennis, Please**

It's a perfect combination, as you can see: CAROLE MALLOY, an actress in *Take This Job and Shove It*, and ILIE NASTASE, who has often said the very same thing on the tennis court. We're pretty certain that Nasty isn't trying to play tennis here, but he is demonstrating something important to any game. Concentration.

NEW YORK POST, -- TUESDAY, JUNE 9, 1981

Last Night
with
Martin Burden





CAROLE

in the film *Take This Job and Shove It*, has a new best-selling poster.

NEW YORK POST, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1981

Last Night
with
Tim Boker



TODAY'S KNOCKOUT:
"My Hollywood home was supposedly Valentino's summer home," said Carole Mallory who plays a strike deterrent in *Take This Job and Shove It*. "They say Raye Dunaway and Roman Polanski lived there. Pamela Mason's my landlord. If she hears about my Strike of the Month Club, she may come to collect the rent herself."




CAROLE

Carole Mallory sent July 4th cards — with star-spangled bikini pants.

BOSOM CHAMP Tami Roche from Pakistan who does

NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1981

Last Night
with
EARL WILSON




CAROLE

NEW YORK POST

METRO
SPORTS FINAL

25 CENTS AMERICA'S FASTEST-GROWING NEWSPAPER
club playfully at Mike Mangione's and said "This is my bread and butter."
That's Carole's brother.

AVERAGE DAILY SALES EXCEED 730,

LENNON 000040

PORT
FINAL
★★★★ 25¢

DAILY @ NEWS

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1981

Sunny, less humid. High upper 80s.



People

By PHIL ROURA and TOM POSTER

Carole travels light

It's really getting serious, this air traffic controllers strike.

Gotta be, if Carole Mallory can walk through jam-packed Kennedy Airport without stirring a few engines.

Especially with the outfit she was almost wearing.

Only a few weary travelers, some who'd been stuck at the airport for hours waiting for flights, bothered to look up as Mallory moseyed by. One guy didn't even bother to turn around, preferring to check his luggage instead.

The reason for Mallory's skimpy attire? To plug her new movie, "Take This Job and Shove It," which opens here on Aug. 28. And to score a few points for her Pro Arts poster, which is selling hotter than Farrah's old facade.

"I changed on the airplane," said Mallory. "No, I didn't catch cold. I had a lot of baby lotion on. But some people did offer me jackets. And one guy gave me a bouquet of flowers."

"The movie is about a woman union organizer who learns how to pacify strikers."

Honest. That's what she said. Mallory, who hails from Philadelphia, plans to visit her mommy, Laura, in a few days.



Robin Leach

SEXY Carole Mallory gets down to basics in New York as she arrives at Kennedy airport to promote her new flick, *Take This Job And Shove It*.



95990



Sexy Carole Mallory, who gets to give Robert Hays a real oomph of a screen kiss in their new *Take This Job And Shove It* movie, had Dallas Cowboys Harvey Martin and Randy White on her team when she made them honorary members of her Strike of the Month Club.

She visited their training camp to autograph copies of her new sexy poster. But Carole didn't get such a

warm reception when she tried to join striking air controllers on their picket lines in New York...

People

She won a fistful of cash and a mink coat on a television quiz show, then headed for Paris to embark on a career in modeling. Although she wasn't completely successful in the beginning, Carol Mallory persisted and eventually found herself in some publicity-laden assignments. "In 1974 I did a Faberge perfume commercial, directed by Michael Cimino, which was rejected for airplay by one of the major TV networks. As I recall I didn't have a bra on under my suit and when I moved through this dance I did, my breasts would jangle. I also modeled a pair of hot pants for the cover of *Newsweek*. It was their largest selling issue during the 1970s."

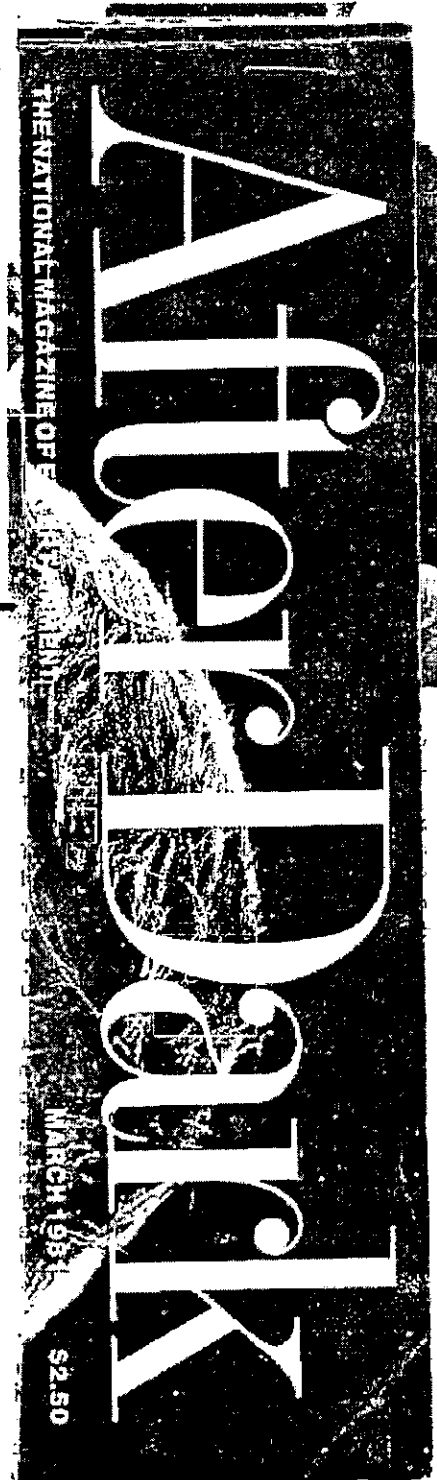
Mallory's relationship with the camera lens brought her into motion pictures where she found small roles in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and *Killer Elite*. She was also one of the *Stepford Wives*, and in the sparsely distributed *Look Down and Die* she was a strip-teasing truck driver opposite Lee Majors.

Right now she's excited about two new projects. The first is *Take This Job and Shove It*, directed by Gus Trikonis. "I play this floozie kind of girlfriend of Robert Hays who's always kiss-

ing him at the wrong times. He's (Hays) the son of the owner at a brewery where the workers revolt." In *All the Marbles*, directed by Robert Aldrich and starring Peter Falk, Mallory portrays a lonely woman from the Midwest who tries to seduce a lady wrestler. "She's not a lesbian, just lonely."

If it seems her various jobs have brought a touch of the bad girl into her image, so be it. "People are always telling me to comb my hair. I can look very straight and conservative, but I hate it! I get the hives when I get around the preppy look." Her favorite accessories are a pair of gold lamé pants (with a punk rip at the knee) and some "funny blue glasses" which she describes as "part Rita Hayworth, part Elton John." She's very pleased with the progress of her career. Optimism runs high. "Something civilized and large is going to happen to me. Soon."
—Sam Sanchez

Carol Mallory



*Philadelphia
Bulletin*



Bulletin Photo by Joseph McLaughlin
Carole Mallory shows her poster to her mother, Mrs. Laura Wagner.

Just take this poster and love it!

By BOB SOKOLSKY
Bulletin Entertainment Editor

It's quite a poster. It was designed to call attention to the upcoming movie "Take This Job and Shove It!" and it is certainly successful in its promotion efforts. Johnny Paycheck gets credit for that.

It was he who stepped in and vetoed one Avco Embassy suggestion that the poster subject should be the film's star, Robert Hays. Paycheck also vetoed the second suggestion, that it should be co-star Barbara Hershey. He wanted Carole Mallory, the Havertown native who also appears in the production. Since Paycheck wrote the ditty upon which the movie is based, he had his way.

The film is scheduled to open at area theaters on Sept. 4 and the publicity that poster is creating is furthering the career of Ms. Mallory. Not that things had been going badly before. The one-time school teacher-airline stewardess-model-Penn State grad-master's degree-holder from Temple and now actress has been winning fame from various quarters. Gossip columnists have managed to get her into their prose at fairly regular intervals. Such magazines as "Cosmopolitan" and "Newsweek" have placed her on their covers. "Esquire goes on a date" made her one of their features.

On the artistic side, Ms. Mallory also has had a few memorable moments. She was the damsel with a pool cue who appeared on TV screens to announce that all her men wore English Leather and they didn't wear anything at all. That, she said, led to a role in "The Stepford Wives." "I was the

"I had a wonderful (commercial) in which I explained combustion in a Chevrolet. I had no idea what I was talking about."

Carole Mallory

looney who was talking and giving a TV-type commercial in the group study session scene," she said. Ms. Mallory was also part of an unusually friendly group that surrounded Tuesday Weld in "Looking For Mr. Goodbar" and she has appeared on such TV shows as "Charlie's Angels," "McCloud" and "Fantasy Island." She also will be seen with Peter Falk in "All the Marbles," scheduled to be released in October.

None of this happened in a straight line. "I studied art education and then I student taught for a while in Pittsburgh," Ms. Mallory said. Then she taught in Welsh Valley and in Springfield.

"But I wanted to see the world," she said. "So, instead of joining the Navy I joined Pan Am." That satisfied the ambition to travel, but there was a drawback. "Flying makes me physically ill."

Inasmuch as this is not a benefit for a member of the airline industry, she left that profession and turned to modeling. That led to some commercials. "Then my agent suggested I do talking commercials. So I did. I had a wonderful one in which I explained combustion in a

Chevrolet. I had no idea what I was talking about." It didn't matter. The acting offers came in anyway.

Along the way there was a stop at the Bucks County Playhouse where she had such roles as Madge in "Picnic" and Tiffany in "Mary, Mary." But she is thinking along film lines now.

"In 'Take This Job' I kind of play a floozy," she said. "The movie is light comedy. I like to play light comedy."

She goes a step beyond that in her next movie assignment, Ralph Bakshi's version of "Fire and Ice." "I play Queen Juliana in that," she said. It's a colorful role. It's made even more colorful by the way Bakshi and his collaborator, Frank Frazetta, film the movie. It's done in live action and then dyes are applied to the film to create an animated effect. "It's called Rotoscope," Ms. Mallory said. "They're in the process of Rotoscoping it now."

Bakshi employed a similar technique when he worked on "Lord of the Rings" in 1978. Most animators credit that idea to Walt Disney who often had real people pose for his artists. A young Marge Champion, for example, was supposed to have been the model for Snow White.

"Fire and Ice," though, will be no "Snow White," Ms. Mallory says. "It's more of a juxtaposition, sort of 'Neanderthal Man meets Flash Gordon.' It's fascinating."

But there are also other things to intrigue Ms. Mallory these days. "I've been writing something," she said. "I've been going to UCLA for writing courses and I think I can do something with this."

LENNON 000044